

watch me (try me) by hoppnhorn

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Summary:

Steve and Billy are roommates in college. Billy brings home a different girl every night and one day, Steve misses the sock on the door.

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Author's Note:

the voyeuristic roommate fic no one asked for. aka: more filth. originally posted in [two parts](#) on tumblr from a prompt. Enjoy!

Billy Hargrove is an animal.

Steve knows it the moment he meets his roommate on move-in day. He's smoking in their very NON-smoking dorm room, without a shirt on, in jeans that are definitely designed to leave nothing to the imagination. He flirts shamelessly with Steve's mom and even manages to charm Steve's dad a little. Steve doesn't know how to handle either of those things. Then he's left to spend a year with the guy, sharing a living room, kitchen and one bathroom.

Thankfully, they have separate bedrooms; because Steve wouldn't have slept a wink their entire first semester.

Billy is *constantly* bringing girls back for sex. At first, Steve is too embarrassed to say anything. He just...pretends like the moans he can hear through the door are coming from the tv or something and he goes about his business. Cleaning up dishes, straightening their little common room with headphones on to drown out the downright obscene sounds that bleed into the space.

Eventually, Steve just goes with it. He kicks the wall and tells Billy and his bedmate to “*shut the fuck up, I'm sleeping here.*” or “*put a sock in it.*” He's only mildly amused when one girl ends up sputtering and leaving when Billy does just that.

After that, they find a strange sort of friendship. Billy puts a sock on the dorm's outer door as a sign. A sign he's got someone there. That way, Steve can turn *right* back around and study somewhere quiet.

But Billy eventually gets into the habit of taking girls back to *their* dorms. Steve spends nights alone, a little bit listless without his smarmy roommate taking up the whole couch and eating all their

Hot Pockets. Making fun of Steve's academic diligence. Yelling at the tv when his favorite football team doesn't perform.

Steve doesn't like to think that he *misses* the guy, but sometimes he'll find himself laughing at something on the tv and turn around to yell back at Billy's room. And he'll see the room is dark and then he remembers.

Oh yeah.

He doesn't miss Billy on those nights. Not at all.

One day, Steve comes back to the dorms wiped. He's been in the library for hours, writing a paper on something he doesn't *actually* care about for a professor who doesn't *actually* read their work before slapping a perfunctory letter on the first page. So he doesn't see the sock that's fallen from the knob of their dorm room when he unlocks it. Doesn't notice anyone is even there until he's halfway across the small living room and hears a *moan*.

It stops him dead in his tracks. His head whips around and so much happens at once.

First, Steve realizes that he'd *definitely* missed a sock on the door. Second, he realizes Billy's door is open. Third, he realizes that the door is open and he is staring through that opening.

Right at very naked Billy.

Billy's eyes are already locked onto Steve's gaze, a little grin forming on his open mouth, and Steve's face burns. Burns as he watches Billy rock his hips forward into a girl, who's bent over in front of him on the bed.

Steve knows he should look away, hell *walk* away, but he can't seem to remember how his legs work as he watches Billy fuck the brunette from behind. He's watching. And gawking. And getting hard.

"Oh yeah." Billy moans, his tongue poking out from between his sharp, white teeth. "Fuck yeah."

Steve's stomach clenches as his cock gives a hard pound in his jeans. He should be *running* away. He knows what he's doing is wrong but Billy is blushing, his throat and chest slowly turning red.

Steve stands there and watches as Billy *gets off* on Steve's stare, the guy gripping the girl in front of him harder, hitting his hips against her ass rougher. She's got her face pressed into Billy's mattress, letting out whines of pleasure as she grasps the sheets until her knuckles are white. But Billy isn't moaning for her, Steve realizes. With his jaw thrust out, a predatory twinkle in his eye, Billy is fucking her and moaning for Steve.

"Come on, baby." Billy orders with a gruff, low voice and Steve sags back against the couch, his lips parting in a quiet gasp. *Jesus*. He flattens his hand against his aching cock and pants when Billy looks down, watches him rut a growing erection against his palm. "That's it." Billy growls, adjusting his grip so he's got the girl by the shoulder, moving harsher against her backside.

Steve squeezes his head through the denim and Billy licks his lips.

"Jesus, baby." He moans, breathless. "You're making me so hard."

The girl below whines and whimpers her appreciation for Billy's dirty mouth, but Steve smirks, his ego growing like his cock. He's hung. He's hard. Billy wants him. He knows it.

He strokes himself firmly through his jeans, rubs against the material until his palm is buzzing from the friction and Billy ruts faster, grunts and groans with exertion. Steve licks his lip and tosses his head back as he enjoys himself, rolls his hips to grind his ass into the couch.

"Oh shit." Billy curses hard at the sight and Steve milks cock, swallows so his adam's apple bobs in his throat. His pants are damp, a spot forming on his thigh from precome. He runs his fingers over the wet spot, stares into Billy's eyes, and slips the two fingers into his mouth.

Billy comes with a growl, pitching forward over the girl's back as his hips stutter, his abs flexing. Steve takes in the sight of him and nearly comes himself. Billy is breathtaking, curls falling into his face as he

moans, eyes closed and mouth open. Steve wants to come with him, wants to let out a matching sound of ecstasy, but he doesn't. Instead, he pushes off the couch, walks to his bedroom and closes the door.

It takes Billy all of five minutes to ditch the girl. Steve can hear through the wall while Billy makes up a last minute study group he'd "*forgotten about*" and how he'll "*call you later.*" until the outside door is closing and the dorm falls silent.

Steve waits with bated breath, heart pounding, until he hears the brush of Billy's feet on the floor outside. His knock is soft, almost bashful, and Steve smirks from the bed.

"Yeah?"

The door doesn't open. Instead, Billy talks through it.

"I guess you didn't see the sock." He murmurs, voice blurred through the wood. Steve grins.

"Guess not."

More silence, which has Steve almost nervous. But Billy doesn't walk away, his body casting a shadow from under the door.

"Can I come in?" Billy finally asks. Steve bites his lip to keep from groaning, licks it, then breathes.

"Yeah."

When Billy walks in, he gulps and grips the doorknob tight. Steve smirks from where he lays, pants pulled down to his knees, throbbing cock in hand. He strokes slowly, lazily, as precome slicks his fist, lets it slide easy. Billy's voice is strained when he speaks.

"You want help with that?" Steve arches his back, involuntarily shuddering when his cock throbs. He gasps as Billy pushes down his sweatpants, revealing his own half-hard cock. "I'll take that as a yes."

Steve's not sure what he expects as Billy prowls towards his bed. He's not even sure what he's doing, inviting a man to bed. But he definitely didn't expect Billy to jump up on the mattress and straddle

Steve's hips.

"I've wanted to ride this cock for months, pretty boy." Billy moans, running his hands down Steve's stomach, petting the strip of hair that runs between his hips. "Never thought you'd be into that."

"I didn't either." Steve murmurs. "I've never..." He suddenly feels bashful, his hand slowing on his cock.

Billy takes him in hand and grips him firm, sending a bolt of electricity up Steve's spine. He arches and whines and Billy jerks him roughly.

"I'll take care of you." Billy whispers. "Christ. You're a big boy." He grins, pausing to squeeze Steve's head. Steve is boneless under him. "You'll have to work me open."

Steve's eyes bug out of his head.

"Work...work you open?"

"Finger me." Billy pants, his cock bouncing with excitement. He's hard and red, hanging heavy between his hips. "Lube. Tell me you have lube." Steve fumbles with his nightstand and Billy nods his approval when he produces a sizable tube from a drawer. "Start with one finger."

Steve is shaking when he obeys, dribbling cool lubricant onto his pointer finger. He's panting when Billy hitches up higher on his hips and grabs his wrist.

"Now fuck me with it."

Steve's face is on fire when he guides his hand behind Billy, presses against the puckered ring of muscle of his ass. "That's it." Billy whispers. "Open me up."

They're both moaning when his finger slides inside. Billy is hot and tight and immediately starts to rock down onto Steve's hand, pushing him further inside. Steve watches from below, enamored with the blissed-out expression on Billy's face as he starts to pull his finger away only to punch it back in again.

“Fuck, you’re gonna feel so good.” Billy murmurs, grinning down when Steve gasps. “You have no idea what you’re missing.”

“Yeah?”

Billy nods.

“I’m gonna ruin you.” He says with a smirk. “You’re not gonna want anyone else after I’m done.”

Steve swallows, terrified the guy might be right. What they’re doing is already so much hotter than anything he’d done with girlfriends. He gulps audibly as Billy reaches for the lube.

“Two.” He commands. Steve pulls out of him, lubes up his middle finger, and then Billy is shuddering above him, gleaming with sweat as he penetrates him again.

“Fuck.” Steve curses at the sight, his cock leaking onto his belly where it lies, temporarily forgotten.

“I know.” Billy breathes. “My ass is gonna feel like heaven.”

Steve downright whimpers.

“I’m gonna come if you keep talking like that.” He hisses. “I’m not gonna last.”

“Don’t worry.” Billy moans. “We’re gonna take turns.”

Steve freezes.

“We’re...”

“Trust me, Harrington.” Billy groans. “Three.” He pulls Steve’s fingers out and more lube is dribbled all over Steve’s hand.

Working Billy open is so incredibly erotic that Steve grows bold. He reaches out and touches Billy’s stomach, palms the firm muscles before he slides his hand down and grasps his cock. Billy tells him how much he loves it with a loud, expressive moan, his ass clenching around Steve’s fingers as he grinds down.

“I need you.” The guy finally whispers. “Fuck, I need you.”

If the look of desperation on Billy’s face wasn’t enough to drive Steve wild, the shake in his voice certainly was. He slides his fingers free and goes for his nightstand, pulling out a condom with urgency. It feels like any moment the magic would end and Billy might vanish, like a dream evaporating in front of his eyes.

Steve rolls on the condom and Billy lubes him up generously, the two of them panting with anticipation as they move into position.

“Hold on, pretty boy.” Billy smirks, gripping Steve’s aching cock as he lines himself up.

It occurs to Steve later that Billy had *literally* meant the words, because the second his cock slides inside the tight, slick heat of Billy’s body, Steve is grabbing at the guy’s thighs, moaning obscenely. It was beyond good, it’s perfect.

Billy sits on him for a while, his body adjusting around Steve’s girth and Steve likes how the guy keeps fidgeting, like he wants to move but is still so *full*.

“Jesus.” Billy curses on a breath. “I knew you were gonna be big, but shit.” His thighs shake as he lifts and the friction kicks Steve’s head back on his pillow. He curses long and hard and Billy chuckles from above as he starts to ride him, bracing his hands on Steve’s chest.

“Told you.”

“Holy fuck.”

“Right?”

“Don’t stop.”

“Wasn’t gonna.”

“It’s so tight.”

“I know.”

“I’m gonna—”

“Not yet.”

Billy stops, mid-rock and Steve whimpers, his fingers digging into the guy’s thighs. He’s not above begging for Billy to let him come, but then the guy is reaching for the lube.

“You’re gonna love this.”

“I already do. Don’t stop.”

“Nah uh. It’s my turn.”

Steve lets out a pathetic moan when Billy lifts free of him, revealing Steve’s very red and throbbing cock.

“Turn over.” Billy orders as he shucks Steve’s jeans free of his legs.

He’s a little wobbly as he complies, but Billy’s hands grab him by the hips, pulling him back onto his knees. Steve looks over his shoulder as Billy lubes up his fingers and gives him a wink.

“Relax. I’ll take good care of you.” Billy whispers and Steve’s face so so warm when Billy starts to rub a hand over his back, press him forward until he’s bent over. There’s a kiss on his spine, his hip, then his left cheek.

“Billy—”

The wet swipe of Billy’s tongue on Steve’s hole is a surprise. His voice catches and he drops his head, the breath rushing from his lungs in a moment. Billy licks him over and over, pushes against the ring of muscle until he’s pressing inside Steve’s body. The sounds that come out of Steve’s throat are high pitched and delicious, earning him moaned responses against his ass.

“I’m going to want to rim you all night, if you keep that up.”

“I think I can live with that.”

“Oh, I know you can. But I wanna fuck this pretty ass.” Billy chuckles

low and gravelly against the back of Steve's thigh as he bites it gently, his finger taking the place of his tongue. "Ready?"

Steve can only manage a hum as he shakes on all fours, focusing on the tip of Billy's finger as it sweeps over the surface of his hole once. Twice.

He pushes in slowly and Steve squirms, the invasion so hot and so strange, all in the same moment. When Billy's in all the way to his knuckle, he presses his finger down, stroking and groping in search of —

"Shit." Steve's upper body collapses when Billy brushes over his prostate, sending a potent wave of pleasure through his body. His cock jumps between his legs and he buries his face into the mattress, his breath hot on his face. "Oh shit."

"Don't you dare come, yet." Billy warns with a kiss to Steve's back. "Not yet."

"I need to." Steve all but cries into the bed. "I'm so fucking hard."

"I know." Billy purrs, his mouth trailing lightly over his ass and thighs as he starts to fuck him with his finger, moving it in and out so agonizingly slow. "But then who will fuck me?"

Steve grunts into the mattress, both out of frustration and comprehension.

"Ready for two?"

"Yeah." He's itching for another brush of that magical bundle of nerves, twisting his torso in an attempt to guide Billy there. But when Billy slides in two fingers, Steve can't think. After a lot of whimpering and more of Billy's growled praise, two becomes three and Steve is crying into the bed, his entire body shaking.

"I need—" He's trembling when he tries to lift his head, cheeks damp. "Billy—"

"Condom." Billy's throat is bright red, skin blotchy on his chest from arousal. Steve's hands are useless as he tries to open the box of

condoms and Billy snorts, reaching over to help. He plants a soft kiss on Steve's shoulder as he does and Steve looks up. Their eyes meet.

Then Billy is leaning back over and pressing his lips to Steve's. Their mouths are dry, lips cracked, but it's sweet and soft. Ironically chaste as Billy pulls his fingers from Steve's body.

"I've wanted to do that for a while." Billy states as he tears open a condom, rolls it on. Steve glances back at him, an eyebrow raised.

"Put your fingers in my ass?"

Billy gives Steve's butt a firm slap and he squeaks with surprise while Billy grins wolfishly.

"Kiss you." He answers gently. "Stupid."

"Wait, you have?" Steve braces himself on his arms and pushes upright, twisting to look back at Billy face-to-face.

"Yeah." Billy inches forward on his knees and takes Steve's hips in his hands. "I was wondering when you'd finally drive me crazy enough that I'd do it."

Steve blinks, a smile on his face.

"But you're always bringing girls back here."

"Not always." Billy says, looking away. "I, uh... started pushing that boundary a while ago."

Steve turns all the way around and Billy sighs.

"What boundary?"

"You know... the boundary."

"You wanted me to know you liked guys?" Steve asks. Billy arches a brow.

"I thought maybe you'd realize a few of those moans weren't mine."

Steve blushes.

"But then you stopped bringing people here." Billy shrugs one shoulder.

"I figured you weren't ever going to come around. I, uh...gave up." The guy's cheeks color ever so slightly and Steve reaches out to grab Billy's jaw and force his eyes to his.

"You could have just *told* me."

"Nah." Billy smirks. "I like being chased. Not chasing." With an exasperated laugh, Steve rolls his eyes.

"So this afternoon, that wasn't planned."

Billy shakes his head.

"Nope. I figured you'd see the sock." Steve nibbles on his lip and grins.

"So when I walked in, you didn't expect that."

"Hell no." Billy grins, then leans in, brushes his nose against Steve's with a playful laugh. "I've wanted you for a while, Harrington. I couldn't breathe when I realized you wanted me too."

Steve's heart is racing when he looks into Billy's eyes. Yeah, they'd been circling each other for months. Teasing. Little touches here and there. Underneath it all, a raging lust had grown.

"Then lie back." Steve murmurs against Billy's mouth before he pushes on the guy's chest and Billy falls back on the sheets, laughing. The laughter quickly dies when Steve rips off his t-shirt and straddles Billy's hips.

"Oh yeah?" Billy groans softly, running his hands over Steve's thighs. "Gonna ride me, cowboy?" Steve bites his bottom lip and nods, reaching between his legs for Billy's cock. He grips it and hastily lubes it up before he touches the tip to his hole. He's nervous when he presses his weight down, but soon all he can do is moan. They're *both* moaning, hands clamoring for purchase on sweaty skin as Billy slides home and bottoms out.

“Oh my god.” Billy is the one breathless now, his fingers digging into Steve’s hips. “This is going to be so good.”

“Stop talking or I’m gonna—” Steve shudders as Billy’s cock brushes against that blissful place inside him. “Jesus, I feel like a virgin.”

“You are.” Billy teases. “I’m the only one who’s been inside you, pretty boy.”

“Fuck.” Steve’s thighs are quaking, muscles coiled so tight. “You have *got* to stop talking.”

“Why? Getting you wet, big guy?” Billy grasps Steve’s cock in one hand and with a strangled moan, Steve lifts his hips to rock into his fist.

“Don’t.”

“Come on, I’ll make sure it lasts.”

“Shut.” Steve rolls his hips once, rubbing Billy cock and his prostate in one movement. “Up.” He grinds his teeth to keep from shouting with each arch of his spine, but soon he’s crying aloud, moving faster and harder on Billy’s length to fuck into his fist. It’s beyond bliss, it’s paradise. He’s found nirvana on top of Billy Hargrove’s dick.

“Look at you.” Billy moans, his free hand wrapping around Steve’s throat. He doesn’t squeeze, his thumb brushing over Steve’s pulse. “You’re fucking gorgeous.”

Steve pants a little laugh and looks down. Billy’s hair is splayed out around his head, some of his curls damp from sweat around his temples. His eyes are bright, blue and piercing, totally spellbound.

“You look pretty good yourself, Hargrove.”

“Billy.” The guy pants. “I want you screaming my name. Say it.”

Steve whimpers as Billy bucks his hips.

“Billy.” He moans. “Billy.” He repeats.

“Shit, we gotta switch.”

Steve is giggling when he’s ripped backwards on the bed then bites a lip when Billy pulls from his body.

“We just gonna...do this all night?” He asks as Billy straddles him.

They join with a curse and a gasp.

“Until one of us goes a little crazy, yeah.” Billy says, panting as he starts to ride Steve’s cock. “Then I’m gonna fuck you so hard you come all over yourself.”

“Oh sweet christ.”

“No, my name is Billy.”

“Shut up and ride, *Billy*.”

“Shit, this is gonna be fun.”

“Billy. Shut. **UP**.”

Works inspired by this one:

- [Take Shelter](#) by [Oop](#)